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Squire and Milkmaid

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FATHER TOM O'NEALE.

THERE was a widow in this place, and she reared three darling sons,

Their father died and left them when they were very young,
A long time she endeavoured to maintain her darling sons,
Till the youngest one became a man at the age of 21.
One night he discoursed with his mother, and these words to her did say:

I think it must fall on one of us to go away,
Your land is too small to serve us all, and if you'll agree,
I am fully bent and well content a clergyman to be.

His mother being glad to hear such thoughts come into his head,
She says, I will do all I can, I'll help you my darling child
She speaks unto his brothers, and they did soon agree,
And they sent him off to college, a clergyman to be,
He was not long at college when the Rev. Bishop Brown,
Came to examine these collegians, and he view'd them all around,
He espied our clever young hero's head, mark'd him above them all,
He was the first that he discovered, and upon him he did call.

He says, young man, where are you from, come tell to me your name,

I'm from the county of Armagh they call me Thos. O'Neal,
My mother she is a widow, and of a low degree,
She has done her whole endeavours to make a clergyman of me,
Since Thomas O'Neale is your name the bishop he did say,
Study hard both night and day, I'll soon have you ordained,
To help your dear old mother who has done so well for thee,
We'll send you home a credit for your country boys to see.

When the young man came home ordained the neighbours were glad to see,

And it was for to welcome him, they ran by two & three
Particularly his own near friends, to welcome him they ran,
You never saw such welcome as was for the widow's son,
There was a rich man in this place, rich as duke or knight,
He had an only daughter, and she was a beauty bright,
She says unto her father, I'll go this young man to see.
For before he went to college, he was a school boy along with me

She was brought into the parlor, and they drank both ale and wine,
She says, you are a clever young man, I would have you to resign,
What made you be a clergyman, you know you are astray,
A clergyman must rise by night, and travel in the day,
Take some noble lady, that her fortune may be grand,
And you'll have your man to wait on you, and be a gentleman.
Take myself just as I stand, you know my fortune's great,
I have a thousand pounds a-year, at death a whole estate.

He said, my honour'd lady, you need not explain your mind,
For had you ten times more, I never would resign,
For in this holy station, I mean to lead my life,
So my dearest dear, say no more I ne'er will wed a wife,
So when he did deny her, the villain she went home,
And in eight weeks after, her secrets they were known,
She swore before the magistrates that he did her beguile,
And for four weeks before that to him she was with child

The morning of his trial, it grieved our hearts full sore,
To think of his old mother, it grieved her ten times more,
To say she had a son a clergyman, his age just 23,
That he would be cast down in his prime through cursed perjury,
The cruel judge said, Father Tom, why don't you marry this fair?
I am sure she is an equal for any knight or squire.
What are you but a widow's son, as I believe both poor and mean,
You might think it a great honour, such a lady to obtain,

Father Tom he then spoke up, I have no witness here,
But I can call on the Almighty, He can show my cause quite clear;
I never said I'd marry her, nor shall ever be my wife,
For I never knew a female from a man in all my life.
Now Tom, since you won't marry her, we give you to understand,
For seven long years we will transport you to some foreign land,
It is bad, sir, it might be worse, brave Father Tom did say,
Our Saviour suffered more than that, He died upon a tree.

SQUIRE & MILKMAID OR BLACKBERRY FOLD.



London:—H. SUOH, Printer & Publisher,
177, Union Street, Boro'—S.E.

—OO—

IT'S of a rich squire in Bristol doth dwell,
There are ladies of honour that love him well
But all was in vain, in vain was said,
For he was in love with a charming milkmaid.

As the squire and his sister did sit in the hall,
And as they were talking to one and to all,
And as they were singing each other a song,
Pretty Betsy, the milkmaid, came tripping along.

Do you want any milk? pretty Betsy did say,
O yes, said the squire; step in, pretty maid,
It is you, fair body, that I do adore,
Was there ever a body so wounded before

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O, hold your tongue, squire, and let me go free,
Do not make your game on my poverty;
There are ladies of honour more fitter for you,
Than I, a poor milkmaid, brought up from the cows.

A ring from his finger he instantly drew,
And right in the middle, he broke it in two;
One half he gave to her, as I have been told,
And they both went a walking in Blackberry Fold.

Oh, Betsy, oh Betsy, let me have my will,
So constant a squire I'll prove to you still
And if you deny me, in this open field,
Why, the first time I'll force you and make you to yield.

With hugging and struggling, poor Betsy got free,
Saying, you never shall have your will of me;
I'll protect my own virtue, as I would my life,
And drew from her bosom a large dagger knife.

Then with her own weapon she run him quite through,
Then home to her master like lightning she flew;
Saying, Oh! my dear master, with tears in her eyes,
I have wounded the squire, and I'm afraid dead he lies.

The coach was got ready, the squire brought home,
The doctor was sent for to heal up the wound;
Poor Betsy was sent for—the gay maiden fair—
Who wounded the squire, drove his heart in a snare.

The parson was sent for, this couple to wed,
And she did enjoy the sweet marriage bed;
It's best to be honest, if ever so poor,
For he's made her his lady instead of his whore.

Father Tom O'Neale, (Continued).

The word was not long spoken, when a horse came swift as wind,
And on it was a rider,—I was not here in time,
So call his trial on again, I'm here that can reply,
She has two fathers for her child, Father Tom and I
Father Tom put on his hat and then began to smile,
He said unto his mother, you and God assist your child,
They look'd at one another when they saw her perjury,
The villain she found guilty, and his reverence came home free